

TAKE A TIP!

Mr. Risk took many of them and just see how he prospered!—From bellhop to hotel proprietor in a few years—Brass buttoned plutocrat tells how he did it.

The Seven Secrets of Success for Bellboys, by One Who Succeeded.

PLAY the honeymooners hard; newly wed men love to make a splurge before their wives.
 Waste no time on the "big bugs."
 Shower women guests with attention. If they tip at all they tip handsomely.
 Never "stall." Do your part and leave the rest to the guest.
 Never neglect a tightwad because he is a tightwad. Shame him with faultless service.
 Don't make yourself objectionable by greed for tips.
SAVE YOUR MONEY.

By MARY O'CONNOR NEWELL.



BELLHOPS, here's a tip. Take it for nothing from Everts S. Risk, Chicago's plutocratic bellhop.

Never tip your mitt, but save your tips, and on a tip with your tips buy lease, furnishings and good will of a hotel all your own.

That's what Everts Risk did, who only the other day doffed the uniform of bellboy at one of Chicago's multimillionaire hostleries to stand behind the desk of a hotel of his own.

Five years ago Risk entered the employ of the Blackstone Hotel as a humble bellboy, though not so humble at that, being a Kentuckian of good lineage and Chesterfieldian manner.

Like most youths who begin business life by sitting on a bench and straining their ears for the call of a distant bell, the wanderlust consumed Everts, too. He had the habit of never stopping in one hotel longer than six or eight months at the longest.

In it, admits you into a Japanese black and yellow hallway, and from thence into parlors oak-beamed in early English style.

There Everts Risk himself was interviewed, though much embarrassed over the publicity that had attended his modest efforts to lay the foundation of a fortune and inclined to depreciate both them and himself.

He's Modest, Too.

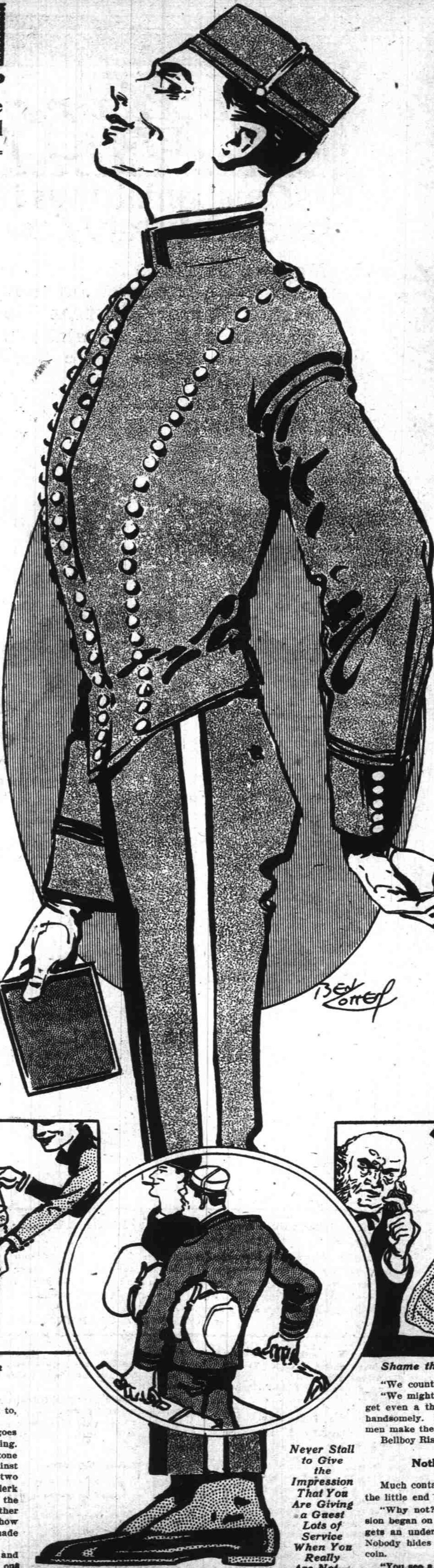
"There's nothing extraordinary in what I have done," he maintained. "Any other fellow could have done it if he had bent his mind on getting ahead and being somebody, as I always have. At that, I never was as good at collecting tips as many of the other men on bells.

"Can't say I ever thought particularly on the saving question, either," he went on. "What was in my mind was to get ahead and get out in the world and do something better. I didn't waste my money on the things some of the bellmen spend theirs for simply because these things did not appeal to me."

Risk does not smoke. Neither does he drink—hardly.

"I went out with the boys occasionally, as fellows will, but I never remember making an appointment to go out and whoop it up all night for the fun of the thing, as boys look at it.

"So many of the fellows I have known on the bells do wrong from nothing else but having easy money all the time. It



Everts S. Risk, Former "Bellhop," Whose Tips Bought a Hotel

all right, if he has it in him," says Everts Risk.

Being close-mouthed about his own affairs, too, one might add in the case of Risk. "An awfully good sort," say his brother bellmen, "but quiet as they make them when it comes to talking about himself. Never does that. Deep, that's what he is."

Bellhopping at the Blackstone has financial aspects not to be despised, from Everts Risk's record. He saved from \$80 to \$100 a month, year in and year out.

Part of his capital stock was understanding of human nature of the hotel guest variety, as was shown in the tips from his notebook. Here are more:

"I learned early not to expect much from national celebrities. We were never glad to see Taft's party come. It meant many obsequious attentions and no gratul-

a lot of the good side, too, believe me. You know that the fellow with the shining front has had to stand off his laundry, and his big talk doesn't butter any parsnips with you. He puts his coin where it will do a megaphone for him. You get to know pretty young in life the kind of men there are in this world, and the tags and clothes and talk that tell one sort from another."

Chicago's model bellhop is unmarried and good looking, as you may see for yourself. There's another tip—this time not intended for bellhops.



If You Would Earn Tips, Play the Honeymooners Hard—

Bellboys boast of how many hotels and how much territory they can cover in a few years.

The Blackstone Hotel or its management captivated Everts' wandering fancy. Or was it the tips collectable there? He stayed on and on. The longer he stayed the more money he had.

Five years slipped by, then the other day he quit.

"For why?" naturally inquired Manager F. W. Tobin, who hires the bellmen. He had hired Risk in that fifth year backward.

"To run a hotel of my own," answered the erstwhile bellhop.

Manager Tobin promptly fainted.

Risk Took No Risks.

It was true. Risk had taken no risks in the years he had been at the Blackstone, but garnered tips while the garnering was good and stored them up where neither rust nor moths break in and steal.

He used the garnered gold to buy a nice little hotel of his own.

The tips through which young Risk rose to present modest fame and fortune were not merely pecuniary.

Garnered from his notebook are the notations for bellboys which appear elsewhere on this page. They represent seven secrets of success by one who has succeeded. And over in Prairie avenue, in the neighborhood where Chicago's best known multimillionaires now live, or had homes in former years, Everts Risk has the tangible evidence of this success—his hotel.

Almost across the street from Mrs. Marshall Field's Chicago residence it is, and diagonally across the street from Mrs. George M. Pullman's splendid city house.

It was the home of the Secor Cunninghams, an influential family that went with the migration of the wealthy to the north shore.

It is a stately brown stone front, with interior trim of rare woods.

A stained glass door, with Greek figures



Waste No Time On the Big Bugs—

gets away from them as easy as it gets to them, though at the Blackstone the men on bells were not that kind. When I went there I never expected to stay any length of time—not more than six months. It's more of a position there than at other hotels. Lots of us have had the chance to go behind the desk there, if we wanted to, and learn to clerk, but we did not want to.

"In hotels generally, if anything goes wrong, it's 'find the bellboy' the first thing. Well, in all the time I was at the Blackstone there was never a single charge even against a bellboy for dishonesty in the rooms. For two years I was on nights, and the night clerk used to let me carry the keys to all the rooms. I could get into any room, whether locked on the inside or not. That shows how much we were trusted, and I guess we made good.

"It's being square, and going along easy, and having an ambition that brings a fellow out

of the room."

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Shower Women Guests With Attentions—



Never Stall to Give the Impression That You Are Giving a Guest Lots of Service When You Really Are Not—



But Always Remember to Save Your Earnings—

War Decreases Crime.

THE astounding decrease in crime in Paris since the outbreak of war is attributed by Alfred Capus, in an editorial in the Figaro, not to the war itself but the atmosphere of military discipline which has imbued all the citizens since the beginning of hostilities.

"There have not been," says he, "more than two or three really criminal acts in the last five months. * * * Even the Paris apaches have acted in moderation.

"This cannot be attributed to the war alone, for I remember hearing a magistrate say at the beginning of the struggle: 'Here in Paris, in the void caused by the mobilization, must be feared the growth of a mob of little apaches of from 14 to 16 years, who will constitute one of the gravest dangers of the entire situation.'

"The pessimism of this magistrate has not been confirmed by experience. Not a single young bandit has attempted to commit any startling crime, either of assassination or of violence.

"This is because the criminal instinct, combined with the opportunity, does not of itself produce crime. There must also be a special atmosphere, created either by, for example, bravado, or by the literature of the outer boulevards, and in which this instinct may flourish.

"Then, at a given moment, the scattered electricity condenses in the individual who serves as the pole and the spark, which is the crime, jumps between him and society.

"The war has, for the present, suppressed in Paris the center in which the malefactor flourishes, and the social state which, by its effervescence and disorder, attracts this malefactor. Anarchy in high places provokes temptation in lower spheres.



And Forget About Tips Occasionally—

ties. Taft was not altogether to blame, for we rarely saw him. His secretaries seemed to think the honor of waiting on the President sufficient recompense, so they gave us no tips.

"Most men in high positions are poor tip-pers.

Shame the Tightwads—

"We counted it a lean day that was devoted to them. We might wait on a woman as upon royalty and never get even a thank you. On the other hand, she might tip handsomely. If she gave it was not the dime that most men make the maximum of their tips to bellmen."

Bellboy Risk's dream is to own a string of hotels.

Nothing Concealed From Bellboy.

Much contact with magnates makes him see life through the little end of a telescope.

"Why not?" says he. "The biggest men in the profession began on bells. At least some of them did. A bellboy gets an understanding of human nature not to be beaten. Nobody hides anything from a bellboy, except perhaps his coin.

"You see a lot of the seamy side of human nature. And